

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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SATURDAY, April 25, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

"SO then I am left a beggar in a strange country, (said she, calmly,) deserted by a base, perfidious man—robbed and betrayed by a confidential servant, without relations, friends, or money.—This is retribution indeed!—Well, sir, what is now to become of me?—I cannot now even reward you for saving a worthless life, nor pay the master of the house for the trouble I have given here!"

"Do not distress yourself, madam, (answered the doctor.)—By the generosity of that friendly nobleman I have discharged all debts here. For myself I make no demands: I doubt neither your liberality nor honour. The money in my hands will carry you to Saragossa, or even to Madrid, where your friend will supply every want."

The Countess was greatly struck with this generosity in a stranger. She gazed upon him several minutes without speaking; then repeating the words "honour and liberality" softly to herself, she said, "Well, sir, necessity compels me to be obliged to you, and you shall be no loser. I will, if possible, set off for Saragossa to-morrow."

The doctor made additional compliments of his reliance on her integrity. He only requested that she would not be too precipitate in her convalescent state, but wait a day or two longer before she attempted her journey. This request she reluctantly complied with. Four days she continued there, spoke little and eat less; yet her strength

gradually returned, and the sixth day was fixed on for her return to Saragossa. With this intention we leave her, and look back upon poor ADELAIDE, who has been too long neglected.

We left her and Don Felix in none of the best of humours; three days she passed in these gloomy remains of grandeur, which, in her opinion, were three ages.

Mean time Don Felix was tired of acting a part which afforded him no satisfaction; he too clearly discerned that he gained no ground in the affection of Adelaide; mortified and enraged, he determined no longer to distract his own bosom by vain attempts to please her, but change his method of proceeding, and try if terror would operate more to his advantage. Agreeable to this plan, the following morning he asked her to walk towards a rising hill, to view a beautiful prospect, and see a hermit's cove. As she knew herself equally in his power, whether at home or abroad, and really wished to enjoy the fresh air, she made no objection.

They passed through a neglected shrubbery into a long avenue, shaded with tall chesnut trees, on a rising ground, all the way. Towards the top, the immense height of the trees, and bending branches, almost obscured day-light; it was solemn, gloomy, and terrific.

"Here is the hermit's dwelling," said he, turning a little to the right; and piercing through the trees, they discovered a moss-covered hut, in which was a long stone form, hewn out of the rock, and a large stone also before it, to serve for the purpose of a table.

"Ah! (said Adelaide,) how tranquil must the person who inhabited this spot, spend his days, if free from worldly attachments, and a mind unclouded by regret or remorse.

"True, (returned Don Felix, laughing,) if such a being ever did exist, he might vegetate here very comfortably; but I confess that I do not at present derive any benefit from the stillness that pervades here; on the contrary, mine are at this moment of the tumultuous kind; methinks my sweet Adelaide is the goddess of the woods, and I her faithful Pan, here, at her side, to profit by the delicious opportunity that presents itself."

He then threw his arms around her, and obliged her to sit down. Trembling, she sought to disengage herself from his arms, but he only more closely pressed her to him.

"I beseech you, Don Felix, (said she, when she was able to speak,) to remember what you owe to a defenceless, unprotected young creature, whom you have cruelly betrayed into your power. Would love seek to debase, to ruin a friendless girl—to incur her hatred and detestation?"

"Tell me, then, (said he, impatiently,) how I shall gain your affection; bid me hope that you will be mine, promise me that, and I will wait a short time for the completion of it."

"Never, never, (said she,) will I promise what is foreign to the sentiments of my heart. Release me, take me back to my friends; I will forgive, I will even endeavour to esteem you."

"I will be trifled with no longer!" exclaimed he, greatly enraged at her perseverance.

She struggled, and shrieked aloud; seeing herself in imminent danger, "I will, (cried she,) I will try to love you, only spare me now."

She redoubled her shrieks, and in that moment a man with a pistol in his hand sprang thro' the trees, crying, "Villain, desist, or this moment is your last!"

Don Felix turned from Adelaide;—she darted through the trees; and, finding herself at the top of a craggy mountain, like a young roe-buck, she slipped from one part to another with incredible speed. She came at length towards a less rugged part, where a few goats were browsing, and at the same time saw a shepherd beneath, gathering his sheep, to lead them towards a rivulet, that run intersecting a small adjoining valley.

Adelaide exerted her voice to reach the man's ear—he stopped;—she quickened her pace, and safely joined him. She implored his protection in the most pathetic terms, throwing her fearful looks towards the mountain she had descended, expecting to see her persecutor.

This shepherd, with a gallantry that might have shamed a more polished man, of after times, requested her not to fear any thing; his staff should defend her; and requesting her to lay hold of his arm, he led her across the plain, to a few scattered huts on the side of another hill. Entering one of them, she saw a decent looking woman, of a grave deportment, and two younger ones, who, though evidently surprised, received her with kindness, and conducted her to a seat.

She could no longer suppress her emotions: a violent gush of tears, which she freely indulged, after some time seemed to relieve her. They waited respectfully, till she was a little composed, and then brought her some milk and fruits.

She had scarcely begun to partake of the refreshment, before a man abruptly entered, whom, at the first glance, she knew to be Lesare, the robber she had left ill in the cave. Surprise is too poor a word for what she felt. She screamed, and the milk she was conveying to her lips, dropped from her trembling hand.

Do not terrify yourself, said Lesare, I have been so happy as to save you from violence; I have no design to injure you myself.

His address in some degree, removed the first impression of terror. If, as I supposed, said she, you are the person, who just now so opportunely appeared to preserve me, I most devoutly thank heaven and you for the providential interference; and, if you are indeed an altered man, I sincerely rejoice to see you.

You will find me such, replied he; and to you, madam, I am indebted for my reformation. I have a very long story to tell you, but take the refreshments I interrupted; calm your spirits, and fear nothing disagreeable.

But Don Felix, said she, the gentleman you attacked in the hermitage, what is become of him?

He is not in a condition to harm you, replied he; he advanced hastily towards me, and, in attempting to wrest the pistol from my hand, he moved the trigger, and received the whole contents in his right arm, which is most terribly shattered.

Adelaide was greatly shocked to hear of the accident to Don Felix, though it was her preservation. She addressed herself to the good cottagers, and briefly told them, that violence having been offered her by a gentleman, this man had rescued her, and

wounded him, and she hoped this man was her friend.

This satisfied the good folks, and Lesare was offered a seat; she was inflamed with curiosity to know his motives for seeking her, and anxious to know whether poor Lewis had escaped or not; but this last desire she dared not express, and therefore was content to urge him on the subject of the former.

"I have already told you, said he, that it is a long story, and I must begin it from the hour of your escape. I well remember you left me to take the air at the mouth of the cavern. I impatiently waited for your return. My anxiety increased, and at length no longer able to support the suspicions that arose to my mind, I raised myself to the opening, and saw you were gone!

"I passed the remainder of the day, and following night, without ease or rest, and next day I found my weakness increased, and my wound very troublesome. At night I had thrown myself on the bed, a prey to the most distracting thoughts, when suddenly, a rustling noise in the next cavern struck my ear, and presently the name of Adelaide was called upon in a soft tone. I started up—listened—all was silent. The lamp seemed to burn feebly,—my agitations were great. I laid down, but kept my eye fixed on the opening to the next cave. A few moments only passed, when a faint light emitted from it, and was followed by the figure of the murdered Lewis, a lamp in one hand, and a pistol in the other. Cold damps bedewed my limbs; I gazed without speaking or moving. The spirit, as I thought, advanced cautiously, looking earnestly round, till it came to the foot of my bed. Presenting the pistol, "Villain, it said in a hollow voice, where is Adelaide?"

"I heard no more. Conscience overpowered my reason, and gave no time for thought. My senses fled, and when they returned, all was silent as before. Never did a poor guilty wretch suffer more acute torments than my bosom felt. I was assured it was the ghost of Lewis, and the next idea was, that Adelaide had fallen down the craggy mountains, and was killed also.—Every crime I had committed in the course of four years, (and heaven knows they were many and shocking ones,) now rose to my full view. In this way I laid, till, by the singing of the birds. I was convinced that it was morning. Gladly I crept from my bed to the mouth of the cavern, and breathed the fresh air to revive my sinking spirits.

"When night came on, and weakness compelled me to lie down, how horrid were the ideas that oppressed me. Sleep would not close my eyes; they were bent towards the opening. At length, to my unspeakable terror, I saw the glimmering light appear: I could no longer contain myself. I called aloud to heaven for mercy and protection, solemnly abjured the wickedness of my past life, and vowed my future days should be devoted to penitence.

"I had scarcely pronounced my vows, before the same figure, and in the same position, approached me: horror stopped my tongue, and every faculty seemed benumbed.

"Fear not, said he, penitence will find mercy, and Providence preserves innocence from the power of the wicked. I am Lewis, supposed to be murdered, but wonderfully preserved. If you are sincere in the vows you have uttered, heaven will accept them; if not, tremble at its vengeance."

"He seated himself at the foot of the bed. I was unable to speak, and for some moments doubted my senses; but, on venturing to look more steadily, I was convinced it was no shade, but a real substance. He looked very pale indeed, and very feeble, but it was Lewis himself, and never did I feel a purer joy than at that moment, which relieved my conscience from the weight of one murder. I could say but little, yet he seemed to credit what I did say, and again asked impatiently for Adelaide.

"A long conversation, not necessary to repeat, passed between us. He told me of the wonderful courage and humanity of Adelaide, who had preserved his life, at the risk of her own, and bitterly deplored his incapacity to assist her.

"Five days we passed together, mutually distressed, yet every day gaining strength and returning health. The riches in our cave were great, but we could neither return them to the rightful owners, nor could they at all be of service to us. We furnished ourselves with money, however, as much as we could possibly take, and having resolved to pursue different routes, Lewis chose to examine all the ground on the south side of the Pyrenees, from an idea that you would go to your former residence, or seek after the old monk your father had before visited. I, on the contrary, supposed you would take a different road, and cross the mountains to Navarre.

"I could travel but slowly, and strictly examined every part of the mountains, as I was well acquainted with every cave, aperture, valley and dell, on the north and east side of the Pyrenees. I went through all lower Navarre, and at length crossed into Spain, making every possibly enquiry to no purpose.

"On going through a wood, about six miles from Pampeluna, I was suddenly surrounded by four men, who I saw in a moment were banditti; they rifled me of every louis d'or I had concealed, and so severely handled me, that I was incapable of walking. My horse they let loose at a full gallop through the wood, shouting and laughing at me for the good booty I had given them.

"For many hours I remained in the wood, not able to move a step, and not likely to meet succour; most fortunately for me, however, a carriage came in sight, when I had given myself up to despair. I excited my voice to as loud a key as possible, and begged help for the love of God. I was heard, the servants came to me, and, on hearing my story, one of them lifted me up behind the other, and I was carried to Pampeluna in great agony of body, and vexation of mind.

"The generous master of the servants had me conveyed to the general hospital, where I had the best advice for my sprains and bruises, and much better attendance and accommodations than were generally al-

towed, all at his expence. The vexation of my mind retarded the cure of my body, but it was of infinite service to the penitence I felt for my manifold crimes.

"When my health was established, my humane benefactor gave me ten piastres to carry me to Estella; but ten piastres would be soon exhausted, and what then was to become of me? I thought it wiser to return, first, to the rendezvous, where I had appointed to meet Lewis, and then to the cave, for a fresh supply of money.

"I returned, without loss of time, from the fruitless errand, and having come to Bare-edge—"

At this moment, the shepherd, who had walked out, returned in violent haste, saying, Hide yourselves immediately. Several men, armed, are descending the mountain.—Come with me, added he, to Adelaide; taking her hand, he led her out, a back way, to a thicket, behind his hut, on the side of another hill, and throwing some brush-wood lightly over her, he said, remain there, till I come again.

Lesare fled another way, but was pursued by the armed men, at the head of whom was Sancho, the servant of Don Felix, who fired.—Lesare dropped, and spoke never no more!

Sancho entered the shepherd's house, and enquired if they had seen a young lady. They replied in the negative, with much apparent unconcern. Their dwelling was searched, and Adelaide heard them pass close by her, with trembling limbs, and a beating heart. They had no sooner departed, than the shepherd fetched her from the thicket, and, leaving the woman to comfort her, he went out to look at the dead body of Lesare, which had been left on the side of the hill. All appearance of life was fled, but some of them had rifled his pockets, while Sancho had been engaged among the huts: he found them turned out, and some loose papers scattered about, which he picked up, and brought to Adelaide.

She was extremely shocked to hear of the melancholy catastrophe that had befallen that wretched man, it threw her into a train of serious reflections.—Gracious God! said she, I have destroyed two lives;—how dreadful! My dear father's death is now revenged, but I shudder to think that the retribution came through me. Would to heaven it had happened by other means, for so long as I exist, it must be a source of regret to me.

She opened some of the scraps of paper; they were chiefly travelling bills. A fragment of a letter attracted her notice, she opened it, and these were the contents:

"Reasons of the utmost consequence prevent me from appearing in that neighbourhood, but I have now certain intelligence that she is with the Marchioness de Gusman. Go there—see her—tell her the riches in the cave are her's; tell her also, her friend, the hermit in the Pyrenees has good news for her. Prepare her to hear—"

The rest was torn away, and poor Adelaide, agitated by hope, fear, and curiosity, eagerly tore open every scrap in vain, for further information. She sent out the shepherd to search the ground, and the pockets

of the deceased Lesare; but not another bit was to be seen, and in all the agonies of painful suspense she read the foregoing lines twenty times over.

Alas! cried she, how unfortunate am I! Lesare is destroyed, who alone could give me any information. Why did he waste time in such a prolix account of himself, when he had material intelligence to give me!

The good woman of the hut, who saw the dreadful uneasiness she suffered, endeavoured to soothe and relieve her. She gave them to understand the lord of the castle had stolen her from her friends, had violently insulted her, and that the man, lately so basely killed, accidentally came to her rescue without any knowledge of her at that time, though it came out since she had known him before. She said she wished to be conveyed either to the Marchioness de Gusman, or the Pyrenees, but she was apprehensive of falling into the hands of Don Felix, and knew not what course to steer. The shepherd said, that it would be most natural for the gentleman to seek for her among her friends, and therefore dangerous to attempt a journey at present. If he might advise, she had better go to the neighbouring convent, and get messengers sent to her friends. In the evening he would go to the convent, which lay between two neighbouring mountains, and bespeak the protection of the house for her.

Adelaide gratefully accepted his offered kindness. They passed the remainder of the day without any farther disturbance from without, but the mind of our heroine was greatly distressed.

It was thought best that she should depart at break of day; the good woman of the house was to lend her some upper garments of her's to throw over her; and she was to carry a basket of fruit in her hand. After liberally rewarding her hospitable preservers, she accompanied the shepherd to the convent.

She was conducted to the presence of the Abbess, who received her with an air of dignified graciousness.

Adelaide gave way to the emotions of her heart, by throwing herself at the feet of the Abbess, and kissing her hand with a flood of tears.

The venerable lady was extremely moved, and no less pleased, with the action than the appearance of the young woman she had condescended to receive under her protection.

For the remainder of the day she saw only one nun and a lay-sister, who attended her with great kindness—bid her compose her mind and spirits against the next morning, when the Abbess would again admit her, as she seemed to be much interested for her.

After some hours of debate from the contending wishes of her heart, she settled it with a determination to write to the Marchioness every occurrence that had befallen her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE betrayer of confidence is worse than the ungrateful man.

THE FARMER AND THE ANT.

A FABLE.

A FARMER walking forth about his grounds one bright morning in the autumn, perceived a number of ants sunning and airing a parcel of corn on the side of a little hillock, fronting the south east. This sight put him into a passion; he marched up to the place, called them a band of thieves, pillerers, and free-booters; charged them with having pillaged his granary for their hoard; and vowed he would instantly yoke his mole-hill plough, and level all their habitations, cities, and fortresses throughout the land, scattering them abroad like vagabonds, over the face of the earth, resembling the wandering nation of the Jews. "True, O man," replied one of the ants, which seemed to be the principal of the community; "the corn thou seest, and which hath thus disturbed thy avaricious mind, was indeed sown by thy hand, and by thy sickle reaped; but heaven gave not the increase as thy exclusive property alone. When kind Nature endowed us with life, as well as you, she designed us the means of subsisting also. The fruits of the earth were given by the sustaining hand of Providence equally to all its creatures. The reptiles of the dust, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the waters, with the birds of the air, "shall vindicate their grain," and may all boast even a prior claim to every necessary of life, before thy vain presuming race, as having preceded it in the very order of creation. And when we were, afterwards, by our common Parent, delivered over into thy hands, it was for thy dominion only, not for our destruction; if justice, therefore, sways thy breast, proud man, think of these few grains as of *our right* only, and not as of *thy wrong*." "True, O emmet," cries a plump young pullet, which at the time came stalking up, and joined the conference: "corn was immediately made for thee, as surely as both it and thou were designed for me,"—so saying, he made an hasty breakfast on them both, picking up a pismire and a grain alternately till he had finished his meal, and cleared the spot of all contention. "True, O emmet—truer still, O turkey—but truest yet of all, that ye were made for man," exclaims the farmer; and at the word, wrung off the head of the fowl: he carried it home, and had it dressed for his dinner, with the addition of a little bacon and greens, to improve its flavor.

REMARKS—Let pleasures be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.

We blame ourselves only to excite praise.

Commentator, No. 6.

"Est natura hominum novitatis avida."

PLINY.

It is the nature of mankind to be fond of novelty.

HOW strange it is, that a fondness for novelty should be inherent in the nature of man, and that he should be so subject to its influence, as to give up things the value of which he has ascertained, to essay those of a doubtful nature, merely from the attraction attendant on something new. If this desire of change was peculiar to individuals, it would not be worthy of an investigation into the causes from whence it originates, for we have so many opportunities of seeing dispositions, in which all possible contradictions are blended, that it would have nothing more than ordinary to attract our attention; but as it is so universally prevalent, infecting the minds of every class equally, it appears a fit object for the studious, for those who dive below the surface of things, and not content with knowing their effects, wish to have the springs by which they are actuated, and the purpose for which they were intended, unfolded to their view.

For my part, I am not ambitious of understanding the source from whence things spring; content to observe the effects, without tracing the latent causes by which they are produced, and wasting time in searching for that, which is most commonly beyond the limited sphere of human comprehension. Considered in a general sense this desire of novelty is productive of evil rather than good, for things which have been tried are too frequently laid aside to pursue those which are new; thus like the dog in the fable, losing the substance to grasp the delusive shadow.—Hannah Moore, in her "Sacred Dramas," depicts in a elegant manner the attractions of novelty to a warm imagination: she says,

----- O the joy
Of young ideas, painted on the mind
In the warm, glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new
And all is lovely.

Human nature, if in possession of what before it was obtained seemed the height of its ambition, soon grows satiated, and longs for something which possesses the zest of novelty. Thus this insatiable desire excites mankind to perpetual activity, and preserves their faculties from being corroded with the canker of indolence, by devising means to obtain any object which has been untried. Possession soon tires, and this de-

sirable object is obliged to make way for a new one, which being found insufficient to yield permanent pleasure, it occasions the reflection upon the value of what was sacrificed to obtain it.

"—What we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue which possession would not shew us
While it was ours."

SHAKESPEARE.

This disposition it is which leads us to so little esteem what we possess, losing its value in the prospect of obtaining something which has the attraction of novelty, and engrossing our attention to the exclusion of the real estimation of that we have; but finding ourselves deceived in our expectations, we are doomed to the vain regret of not having justly appreciated its importance, and of voluntarily resigning a certain good for a possible evil. The truth of these observations daily experience has confirmed, but it will require repeated disappointments to persuade man, conscious of his superiority in intellectual acquirements, to content himself with what he is already possessed of, instead of engaging in the pursuit of what can only equal that which he has resigned for it, and may be fraught with vexation and disappointment. I speak of that class of mankind, who hold a moderate and sufficient share of the good things of this world; for those whose condition cannot be altered for the worse, it is certainly proper to deviate from the beaten track; but this at best is venturing in a lottery, where there are few prizes and many blanks; where there is great risque and but little profit possible; and where a person may gain disappointment, but can seldom improve his condition in life. We ought first to appreciate justly and deliberately the merits of what we possess, and if contentment may be had with it, never leave it to set on the precarious search for what will procure us a greater proportion of felicity. Perfect happiness is not allotted to mortals, we ought therefore to content ourselves with the moderate portion which falls to our share, and not destroy it by repining at the little we possess, and anxiously seeking to increase it by changing our pursuits, as the whim of the moment may suggest, or novelty attract our attention. The greater part of mankind I believe, suppose happiness to consist in the possession of inexhaustible wealth, which commands the attainment of most sublunary enjoyments, and are too much engrossed in procuring the means of obtaining mundane pleasures, to

prepare themselves for the day of universal retribution; not considering that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

J.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON THE

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

THE company of ladies has a very powerful influence on the sentiments and conduct of men. Women, the fruitful source of half our joys, and perhaps of more than half our sorrows, give an elegance to our manners, and a relish to our pleasures; they soothe our afflictions and soften our cares. Too much of their company will render us effeminate, and infallibly stamp upon us many signatures of the female nature. A rough and unpolished behaviour, as well as slovenliness of person, will certainly be the consequence of an almost constant exclusion from it. By spending a reasonable portion of our time in the company of women, and another in the company of our own sex, we shall imbibe a proper share of the softness of the female, and at the same time retain the firmness and constancy of the male.—"We believe that it is proper," (says an amiable, who has studied the human heart with success,) "for persons of the same age, of the same sex, of similar dispositions and pursuits, to associate together." But here we seem to be deceived by words. If we consult nature and common sense, we shall find, that the true propriety and harmony of social life depend upon the connexion of people of different dispositions and characters, judiciously blended together. Nature hath made no individual, or no class of people, independent of the rest of their species, or sufficient for their own happiness.—"Each sex, each character, each period, have their several advantages and disadvantages; and that union is the happiest and most proper, when wants are mutually supplied."—"The fair sex should naturally hope to gain from our conversation knowledge, wisdom and sedateness: and they should give us in exchange, humanity, politeness, cheerfulness, taste and sentiment."

J. M. P.

THE seducer can but plead his lust for his crimes, the robber may plead hunger, and perhaps a starving family. Casuists may determine which is the more proper food for Cerberus.

Those who are always anxious to be the first in a new fashion, have generally their heads more decorated than their minds.

A Reader's Gleanings, No. 4.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

(CONTINUED.)

I MUST add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our time, we must be sensible that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history, may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world; and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular persons. MACHIAVEL himself, discovers a true sentiment of virtue in his *History of Florence*. When he talks as a politician, in his general reasoning, he considers poisoning, assassination and perjury, as lawful acts of power; but when he speaks as an historian, in his particular narrations, he shows so keen an indignation against vice, and so warm an approbation of virtue, in many passages, that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of *Horace*, 'That if you chase away nature, though with ever so great indignity, she will always return upon you.'

Vere vocatum demum pectore ab imo elicitur.

Lucret.

H. E. I.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

CROSS READINGS.

TO those who are unacquainted with this method of reading, the following may not be unacceptable. Newspapers in themselves are generally very dry and insipid, after they have once been read, and therefore the amusement to be collected from them is not of the most agreeable kind. After being fatigued with reading a paper, take a paragraph or sentence in one column of a paper, and add to it a paragraph or sentence in another column directly oppo-

site; the contrast is frequently so strong as to afford a great deal of amusement, especially when there is no better to be had.

EXAMPLES.

THE creditors of the subscriber will please to take notice, that I have applied to the judges of the supreme court, for the benefit of the Insolvent Act—this will no doubt be agreeable news to you.

Just imported in the ship *George*, from *Hamburgh*—a genteel country seat, with fifty acres of land.

For freight or charter—a large three story brick house.

A person of a good character, who can be well recommended, wishes employ in a compting house—he has been confined in goal seven years, for forging notes of hand.

For sale, the time of a mulatto girl, who has three years to serve—she is copper-bottomed, and can accommodate a few passengers.

In the course of the pantomime will be exhibited, among other feats of activity—a general assortment of German linens.

Several free people of colour, qualified to serve in the capacities of coachmen, waiters, and cooks—are to be let on ground rent for ever.

Three dollars reward. Ran away from the subscriber—a valuable plantation of 600 acres, in Bucks county.

The public are hereby cautioned against trusting my wife *Sarah*—she is of a dark chesnut colour, with a long mane and short tail.

Wants a place as a wet nurse—a young man who perfectly understands all kinds of book-keeping.

Just imported and for sale, a large quantity of pots, kettles, bake-ovens—and all other kind of drugs. QUID.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF A BLIND MAN.

From the Memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester.

DR. HENRY MOYES, who occasionally read lectures on philosophical chemistry at Manchester, like Dr. Saunderson, the celebrated professor of Cambridge, lost his sight by the small-pox, in his early infancy. He never recollected to have seen; "but the first traces of memory I have," says he, "are in some confused ideas of the solar system." He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated; and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Possessed of a native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of

mechanics, music and the languages, but, also, entered deeply into the investigation of the profounder sciences; and displayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, chemistry, and in short, of most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy.

Mechanical exercises were the favorite employments of his infant years. At a very early age, he made himself acquainted with the use of edged tools so perfectly, that, notwithstanding his entire blindness, he was able to make little wind mills, and even constructed a loom with his own hands, which still shew the cicatrices of wounds he received in the execution of these juvenile exploits.

By a most agreeable intimacy, and frequent intercourse, which I enjoyed with this accomplished blind gentleman, whilst he resided in Manchester, I had an opportunity of repeatedly observing the peculiar manner in which he arranged his ideas, and acquired his information. Whenever he was introduced into company, I remarked that he continued sometime silent. The sound directed him to judge of the dimension of the room, and the different voices of the number of persons that were present. His distinction, in these respects was very accurate; and his memory so retentive, that he seldom was mistaken. I have known him instantly recognize a person, on first hearing him speak, though more than two years had elapsed since the time of their last meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the stature of those he was speaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures respecting their tempers and dispositions, by the manner in which they conducted the conversation.

It must be observed, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally insensible to intense light. The rays refracted thro' a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain distinguishable effects on them. The red gave him a very disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw. As the colours declined in violence, the harshness lessened, until the green afforded a sensation that was highly pleasing to him; and which he described, as conveying idea similar to what he felt in running his hand over smooth polished surfaces. Polished surfaces, meandering streams, and gentle declivities, were the figures by which he expressed his ideas of beauty; rugged rocks, irregular points, and boisterous elements, furnished him with expressions for terror and disgust. He excelled in the charms of conversation; was happy in his allusions to visual objects: and discoursed on the nature, composition, and beauty of colours, with pertinence and precision.

The Temple of Hilarity.

THE SICK FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A musical gentleman of this city, a few days ago sent a note to his friend, requesting the loan of a TENOR; which being unfortunately out of repair, his friend sent him the following laconic answer.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry to say my poor Tenor has been so neglected, that, poor soul, she has lost all her guts. She is a mere skeleton. I had forgot to attend to her, being variously busied for some time past. Adieu,

Yours.

P. S. Her father, (the bass) is in as deplorable state as his daughter—her younger sisters, (the violins) one is sick at home, another is out on a visit, the third has eloped from her father's house—their cousins (the guitars) are in tolerable good health—the grand papa and aunty (the two pianos) have both great colds, and when they attempt to sing it is very hoarse and out of tune—they are much in need of good advice and medicines, to restore them to their former health and vigour.

A Man by the name of Herring, being very sick, and his affairs being in a deranged situation, expressed much concern to his brother, how his children should be provided for: "Hah!" said he, "take comfort, dear brother; He that provideth food for the young ravens, when they cry, will undoubtedly take care of the young Herrings."

AT a tavern one evening it was agreed that each should make a rhyme; and he who first failed should pay for the liquor for the evening. One John Dine, through intoxication, missed, and was obliged to pay the reckoning. Going home, he found his door fast. He called to his wife for admittance. Who's there? I. Who are you? Why I, John Dine. Yes, as drunk as a swine. Stop, wife, cried he, I must go back. On returning, he found some of his companions left: to whom he proposed that supper should be made ready; and he who first failed of making a rhyme should pay for them. Agreed. All went well 'till his turn, when he cried out,

I John Dine,

Am as drunk as a hog.

ENIGMA.

Inp in et a ris,
I no a kno neis,
In mu de el sis,
Inc lay no neis.

I. L. B.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

SAYS John, a homely country swain,
To Nan, the glory of the plain,
On whom he'd fix'd his love;
Dear Nancy, name the happy day,
When thou wilt give thyself away,
And all my doubts remove.

Oh say, when thou at church wilt stand,
And give to me thy lovely hand,
To make me truly blest:
My charming maid, O let me know,
When my fond heart with joy shall glow,
Which finds but little rest.

Dear John, says she, I love you well,
And think you all the swains excel,
In beauty and good sense:
Then answer me this question, pray,
And you will find the happy day,
When I'll the boon dispense.

One sixth, one fourth,* when join'd to four,
Will give the day, less half a score,
Day of the month I mean.
So now prepare the gloves and ring,
And be as happy as a king,
And I will be your queen.

Poor John has try'd, and try'd, alack,
Until his brain began to crack,
Yet cannot find it out—
O help him, ye that know the art,
To find the day, and ease his heart,
And banish every doubt.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

* $\frac{1}{6} + \frac{1}{4}$ of the day of the month.

An answer to the question respecting the lad and his apples, which appeared in the 19th No. of the Repository, and which seems to have puzzled the long heads and the short heads, both young and old, will be given next week.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I have observed an ill practice into which some of your correspondents have fallen, and that is, of undertaking to write essays, in numbers, and after having written one, of leaving off.

There was no one of your correspondents of whom I had entertained more flattering expectations, than the writer of "Essays on Law, No. 1," in the twelfth number of the Repository. Whether the writer is too deeply engaged in business, or whether the criticism of Messrs. Comma and Dactyle, which appeared in the thirteenth number, has silenced him, I know not. If this should be the case, we would recommend to him, to throw off all concerns about that, and a-

gain resume his pen; for if he meets with no more rebuffs, in his journey thro' this world, than a trifling criticism, he may think well of his lot. If he deserves to be censured, I conceive it will be for no other reason, than for relinquishing his subject; for he certainly must know, that he is as it were, under an implied *assumpsit*, to write again. If a man undertakes to furnish me with a carriage, and on one day, brings me the body, it is implied by reason and justice, that he will bring the wheels another time. Thus I conceive, if a gentleman undertakes to write *Essays* for the Philadelphia Repository, he has not fulfilled his obligation by writing but one. It is therefore my sincere wish, that the ingenious writer will pursue his subject.

There has likewise another correspondent come under my observation, I mean the writer of the "Caterer, No. 1." in the 20th number of the Repository; but the writer immediately after, very cautiously and considerably observes—"and peradventure the last also."

I cannot help taking notice of a third correspondent who has likewise "undertaken not to perform,"—I allude to the writer of "Criticism No. 1." in the sixteenth number. A long time has since elapsed, and we have not seen "Criticism, No. 2."

There may be others, whom I do not recollect at present. But as it is never too late. It is still to be hoped that these writers, as well of all others of the same denomination, will again take up their pens, even if they write but one number more,—to save their characters from the imputation of laziness,—and like honest men to fulfil their obligations. A strict Correspondent.

The propriety of the above remarks must be evident at first glance—what is here so justly complained of, had by no means escaped the Editor's observation, and he takes the opportunity now afforded, of informing his Correspondents, that in future no essays, or other communications, which are to be continued in numbers, will be inserted until the second number, at least, is received; and the whole of all other pieces whatever. Correspondents will please to take notice of this, and conduct themselves accordingly, as no discrimination can be made, altho' the punctuality of some might justify it.

MR. HOGAN,

PERMIT me to offer a solution to the Paradox and Enigma in the last No. of your Repository. A SHOE, I think might very well answer the former. And the WATER-WORKS the latter. A Youth.

PHILADELPHIA,

April 25, 1801.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor presents his thanks to "R. G." for his liberal miscellaneous communications, and requests the conclusion of "*Ali and Orasman*" as soon as convenient.

"C. R." is inadmissible.

"H." requires a categorical answer—very well—but the more haste the worse speed.

"Juvenis" is invited to continue his numbers.

"The Disappointed Man," shall appear next week. And "*The Linnet and Magpye*," as soon as previous engagements will permit.

"H.'s" versification of the story of "*The Widow and the Green Ass*," is not complete, nor by any means intelligible to those who have not read the original.

Some explanation respecting the ultimate object "*Curatius*" has in view will be necessary: if it is (as it appears to be by his 1st No.) a systematic defence of duelling, it is difficult to conceive of what benefit it would be to society—as a matter of speculation it might answer a debating club; but sophistical reasoning seldom does much good to young minds, and such form the majority of our readers. Other communications have been received, and will be attended to.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

BOSTON, April 18th.

Since our last, the Galen, Captain Hinckley, has arrived from London. The latest paper by her, is of the 7th March.

The British King was rapidly recovering his health. Mr. Pitt still continued to direct the helm of State; but it was supposed would retire, when the King's health was re-established.—The best English politicians, pronounce the affairs of the nation, to wear the most melancholy aspect; and peace was not expected. Naval preparations were making with spirit throughout the kingdom; and the price of bread was falling.

It has been ascertained that the squadron which escaped from Brest, has arrived at Toulon; having captured the Success British frigate, of 32 guns, a Cutter, and a Fire-ship.

An article in a London paper of the 6th March, mentions information having been given by an American vessel at sea, that the French Government had issued orders for sending into France, all neutral vessels bound to England with provisions.

The Chevalier de Yrujo, his Catholic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, has received official accounts of the declaration of war by his court against Portugal, which took place on the 27th of February, 1801. The manifesto received, states, that the French army was to enter Portugal immediately, and in concert with the Spanish forces, to make a vigorous attack on the capital.

DIED,

On the nineteenth instant, John, son of Richard Hunt, in the 10th year of his age. The melancholy cause of his death, while it excites the sympathetic feelings of parents, ought, in a peculiar manner, to arrest the attention of children. For this purpose the writer will relate to the

Children of Philadelphia

The afflicting circumstances, with the hope that the unfortunate death of the little Lad may be, to them, a solemn warning!!!

On the alarm of fire, in the morning of the fourth instant, the deceased inconsiderately rushed forward to assist in drawing an Engine. This dangerous and laborious service was not adapted to one of his years. The rapid motion of the Engine threw him down, and dragged him under it a considerable distance.—The tongue struck his head and breast, and he was otherwise sorely bruised. He lingered two weeks in great pain, and is now deposited in the cold earth—never more to behold the light of the sun! You are too young to attend such scenes;—let not your curiosity, therefore, prompt you to visit them; particularly if forbidden by your parents, masters, or guardians. Remember the fate of this youth, and stay at home. Consider what anxiety and pain of mind your friends must suffer if you should be missing on such occasions. Picture to yourselves that you may be brought home to your parents, or friends, bleeding and mangled as he was; and if you have any regard for their feelings, or desire for your own welfare, avoid the dangers you will be exposed to by attending fires.

The Printers are requested to insert the above, and they will thereby oblige a Parent who is anxious for the welfare of the children of this City.

A London Paper of March 6th, says—The report of the death of the celebrated Dr. Herschell is unfounded.

CENSUS of the aggregate Population of the fourteen Districts of the City of Philadelphia. April 16, 1801.

North Ward	4126
Middle do.	1850
South do.	1232
Locust do.	2354
Cedar do.	3578
New Market	4865
Dock Ward	2235
Walnut do.	2169
Chesnut do.	2711
High-street.	2792
Upper Delaware.	3057
Lower do.	3377
North Mulberry	2326
South do.	4678

41 340

Northern Liberties, }
& Blockley Township } 17 412

By this enumeration it appears, that notwithstanding the repeated calamities that have befallen this city, the Population is nearly doubled since the former Census.

Marriages.

MARRIED—In this City—On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McGaw, Mr. Roger Tage, to Mrs. Mary Smith—On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Cook, to Miss Ann Britton—On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Richardson, of Montgomery county, to Miss Hannah Jones, of Delaware county.

—On the 16th inst. at Wright's town, Bucks county, Mr. Thomas Williams, of this city, to Miss Rachael Dubre, of Buckingham.

—On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Raynard, William Oxley, esq. of Wakefield, England, to Miss Sarah Hampton, daughter of Jonas Hampton, esq. of Elizabethtown, (N. J.)

Deaths.

DIED—In this City—On the 21st inst. after a few hours illness, Mr. Mathew Smith, master of the Presbyterian Congregational School, in Arch-street.

—At Hartford, (Conn.) Dr. Samuel Hopkins, aged 51 years.

—At Baltimore, on the 20th, Mr. James Barnet Gratz, formerly merchant of Philadelphia.

To be Let,

The Dwelling House in Spruce-street, between Third and Fourth-streets, opposite to Mr. Bingham's Garden, and now occupied by the Vicount de Noailles. Possession will be given against the 27th of May next; if this is wanted sooner, the 1st and 2d stories may immediately be obtained. For further particulars enquire of

WILLIAM MARSHALL,
No. 118, Spruce-street.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANSWER TO R. W.'s ENIGMA.

R. W. *Right Worshipful*, whate'er thy name,
Kind stranger deign to shew from whence
you came, (bred,
What climate's produce, in what country
What soil brought forth so good a heart and
head. (sweet,
Essence of Friendship, oh! how lovely
Diurnal cordial! what a heavenly treat:
Though only WATER from the limpid
stream,

'Tis better far than *Noyau* or ice cream:

" 'Tis nature's uncorrupted good,

" *Where virtue only dwells secure.*"

Oh! nature thou art worth an hundred
arts, (smarts.

And virtue shields us from a thousand
High or low, rich, poor, pitiful or mean,
Shall find great blessings in the pregnan-
stream;

The Western acid, and the Eastern
sweet, (meet,

With *Pau de vie* shall in the Schuykill
'To give cold comfort in the cool retreat.)

Brimful of kindness to the cleanly wishes
Of cooks or scullions washing greasy dishes,
To bake, to boil, to wash, or brew how
handy,

'Tis worth a sea of whiskey, gin or brandy.
Kind humble stranger wash our woes
away, (sea;

Filth, fish-guts, fevers, wash them to the
When fire is cry'd the ladies' fears assuage,
Stop its dire progress and o'erwhelm its
rage. (we meet

When will thy sickness cease, when shall
Thy boasted blessings in each happy street?
Or will thy bursting pipes continue spuing,
Or Hydrothorax prove thy utter ruin?

Dear WATER-WORK's cheap stock, dear
loan

Do thou support without a sigh or groan;
With fuel let the ENGINES be well fed,

" *And on the waters cast they daily bread,*"

(Just as the Royal Hebrew preacher says,)

" *That thou may'st find it after many days.*"

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

ORIGIN OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

Greatly distinguish'd are your noble line,
Ye sweepers sprung from pedigree divine;
Your ancient ancestor, whose name was
Smut,

Work'd at the forge with Vulcan in his hut:

Once as the limping god, was hammering
out (snout;

Those tongs which pinch'd the devil by the
Smut chanc'd to jest upon his awkward frame,
Which chaff'd the bick'ring blacksmith in-
to flame:

He hurled the hammer at the tinker's head,
Which sure had left him on the pavement
dead;

But Smut was nimble, and to shun the stroke,
Strait up the chimney went, like wreaths
of smoke;

Happy to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And ever since he's took to chimney sweep-
ing.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

WELCOME, season blythe and gay,

Welcome, charming month of May!

Spread thy beauties o'er each scene,

Flow'rets sweet and ever green.

Give me all that love can wish,

The glowing breast the balmy kiss;

The welcome pressure, ne'er to part

That welcome flowing from the heart.

Though distant scenes I may pervade,

Or seek the silent westren shade;—

Though rapid torrents ceaseless roll,

And anxious cares possess my soul,

Or intervening forests rise,

To screen me from the nymph I prize;

Yet still, e'en here, remembrance charms;

Remembrance sweet, my bosom warms;

And every joy I once possess

Is yet alive within my breast.

O haste then season blythe and gay,

Hasten, charming month of May;

Spread thy flow'rets o'er the plain,

With garlands deck each maid and swain;

Deck my nymph's beloved brow,

Bid her hear my artless vow;

Bid thy suns with splendor rise,

Gild with peace her evening skies;

When at night her eyelids close,

Give her sweet, serene repose;

Let no anxious cares invest

The peace that reigns within her breast;

Full blest with her I ask no more,

Till thou shalt change to change no more;

Then kindly give her to my arms—

To others give thy rural charms.

J. B. S.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

There liv'd at York an age ago,

A man whose name was Pimlico;

He lov'd three sister's passing well,

But which the best he could not tell.

Their names were Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
All sweet as lilies of the valley:

His wits were puzzled how to chuse,

The best of these to be his spouse.

At length a plan occur'd with ease

To chuse his wife by eating cheese;

Where Bet to shew her gen'rous mind,

First cut, and threw away the rind,

And Ann, to shew her saving caring,

Then cut her cheese, and eat the paring;

But prudent Sarah, sure to please,

Like a clean maiden scrap'd her cheese.

This done—young Pimlico replied,

Sally I now declare my bride;

With Ann I can't my welfare put,

For she has prov'd a dirty slut;

And Bet who threw away the rind,

Would give my fortune to the wind;

While Sarah's prudent cleanly taste,

Is free from filth, and free from waste;

And shews a mind more free from vice,

Than filthy Ann, or Bet too nice.

R. W.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MASONRY.

WHEN Masonry was first began,

In Adam's bosom brooding long,

Attendant Genii hail'd the plan,

And thus exulting, rais'd the song:

Hail Masonary! divinely free,

The world shall learn to rule from thee.

Tho' in mysterious dress array'd,

Eclips'd, to all the wond'ring earth,

One solemn word dispels the shade!

And horror changes into mirth—

Hail Masonary! to learn of thee,

Imperial sons shall bend their knee.

The virtues cardinal are thine,

Engrave them on the Mason's heart;

With godlike charity, divine,

Thy bounty teach them to impart.

Hail Masonary! how blest is he,

Who learns the language taught by thee.

Thy shield relieves the poor oppress'd,

And snaps the tyrant's cruel chain.

Amaz'd, thy foes thy worth confess,

And own their hostile malice vain.

Hail Masonary! by land and sea,

The tyrant's will is curb'd by thee.

Tho' far beyond the pathless deep,

The widows' sons, adventurous roam;

Their well known Brothers still they meet

The lodge shall be their gen'ral home.

Hail Masonary! with three times three

Salute your free-born liberty.

A. B. C.